

Lord of Glory, Who Hast Bought Us

Eliza Alderson, 1864.

John Dykes, 1868.

Lord of Glory, who hast bought us with Thy lifeblood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones that tremendous sacrifice;
And with that hast freely given blessings countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil with Thine own unsparing hand.

Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee gladly, freely, of Thine own.
With the sunshine of Thy goodness melt our thankless hearts of stone.
Till our cold and selfish natures, warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed 'tis to give than to receive.

Wondrous honor hast Thou given to our humblest charity.
In Thine own mysterious sentence, "Ye have done it unto Me."
Can it be, O gracious Master, Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy, "Give as I have given you"?

Yes: the sorrow and the suffering, which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings due by solemn right to Thee;
Right of which we may not rob Thee, debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that face of love and pity turn from us another day.

Lord of Glory, who hast bought us with Thy lifeblood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones that tremendous sacrifice;
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly; hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
But O, best of all Thy graces, give us Thine own charity.